



THE

CASKET.

“ With sweetest flowers enrich’d,
From various gardens cull’d with care.”

BY CHARLES CANDID.

VOL. I.

Saturday, Dec. 14, 1811.

No. 2.

PEROUROU; OR

THE BELLOWS MENDER.

THE next morning we conferred together with that circumspection which from that moment has governed all our steps. I employed one week in washing myself night and morning to clear my skin; the most celebrated hair-dressers in Lyons, arranged and dressed my hair in the newest taste; my ten friends gave me a quantity of superb linen, elegant habits for all seasons, and they attached themselves so to my person, now become the work of their hands, that we were inseparable, every instant they found themselves employed in instructing me. One learnt me to read, another to write; some notions of designing, a little of music, and some other studies, occupied for three months, my time and my mind. I soon perceived that this kind of life accorded perfectly with my taste; I even felt a desire to perfect those elements of my new education. To study became my governing passion; nature had given me the disposition, and a memory so extraordinary, that my young friends saw with surprise the rapid progress of their new disciple.

At length they found me fitted to execute their projects. I quitted my closet to take a vast apartment in one of the most elegant Hotels of Lyons. The bellows mender disappeared, and in his place appeared the

Marquis De Rouperou, one of the largest proprietors of the Mines of Dauphiny. It was under this title I presented myself to the picture merchant, as an amateur, who regarded but little the price, provided the articles were such as he approved of. An exact imitator of my learned masters, I had learnt to turn my rings, to make my watch repeat the hour, to show with a thoughtless air a superb brilliant, to open an elegant box on which was a fancy portrait, which I modestly said was that of a sister very dear to me; in a word I sought to please, and I easily succeeded. But it was not sufficient to deceive the father, to fulfil the views of my protectors, it was further necessary to dupe the daughter. While I was reflecting on the means to arrive at this, the merchant informed me in a note, that he had just received from Rome a superb collection of engravings, and begged me to step to his house in the morning, as he did not wish to expose them to sale until I had first made my choice. I went without foreseeing the fate which awaited me. In place of being received by the father, as I had hitherto been, I found the daughter, or rather beauty herself appeared to my eyes under the form of this adorable girl.

A gross exterior often incloses a sensible soul; mine, more susceptible of passion than libertinism, felt all the power of beauty. A new universe displayed itself before me; I soon forgot that the part I played was paid for: a single sentiment absorbed all my soul, a single idea enchained all my faculties. The charming Aurora perceived her triumph, and appeared to hear with complaisance the disordered expressions which escaped my lips in endeavouring to paint my rising passion. This interview fixed for ever my destiny; all obstacles disappeared before the emotion which my heart felt. This single instant inspired me with the resolution of devoting my days and nights to study, that I might, by my abilities, be less unworthy of the happiness to which I aspired.

Every morning I found some pretext for visiting the merchant's shop; every morning I had some trink-

et to show Aurora, or some object of taste to consult her upon. It was the season for flowers, I hastened to offer her boquets composed of those which appeared to me best to agree with her colour; and my friends often joined to them a sonnet, or a madrigal, of which I had all the honour. Sometimes I surprised the eyes of this charming girl fixed on mine with expressions of tender approbation.

Six months passed in this way. The engravers, jealous of completing their vengeance, would not by too much precipitation, risk losing all the fruit of it. Every evening they asked from me an exact recital of my conduct, and appeared so satisfied that they furnished me with more money than my part required.

One day I received an invitation in form from the merchant, to assist at a feast he was to give in the country, and of which I flattered myself I was the hero.— This beauty, so vain, received me with kindness, and paid me so many delicate attentions, that, drawn by her charms which heightened the beauty of her dress, I seized the first moment we were alone to give up to a sentiment I could no longer contain: I threw myself at her feet, and made an offer of my hand. She received my proposition with dignity; but a tear which escaped from her charming eye, convinced me that pride was not the only sensation which agitated her heart, I discovered that I was beloved.

After having deceived the daughter on my birth, it was easy to blind the father on my fortune. Having but little penetration, he gave full confidence to the history I gave him. My father lived on an estate, situated at the extremity of Dauphiny: his age and his infirmities took from him the hope of attending his son to the altar, but he consented to my marriage so much the more easily, as the riches of his house were considerably increased by the interest I had in the mines of the province. I sported with secret complaisance, the resolution I had formed of not accepting a dowery, adding, that my fortune was too considerable to require augmenting it by that of a wife. Before the end of the con-

versation we were perfectly agreed, for I left him absolute master of the conditions: I only asked him to omit all useless shows, as the family of Aurora and mine were distant from Lyons. It was agreed that my marriage should take place in a fortnight, and I charged myself with drawing up the preliminary articles.

(*To be continued.*)

The Essayist.

For the Casket.

MR. CANDID,

THE following humorous Essay on Friendship I have transcribed from an old Magazine. If you think it worth a place in the Casket, you are welcome to it.

PHILO CANDID.

"The kindness of a friend lie deep, and whether present or absent, as occasion serve, he is solicitous about our concerns."

PLUTARCH.

THE term *Friendship* has seldom been properly defined, much less understood; on the one side too much is expected, and on the other too little thought sufficient to constitute the title; the romantic mind finds it only in the ardent flights of his own imagination, and the more cool and splenetic, measure it according to the narrow limits of their own contracted ideas of benevolence. Thus the virtue of friendship becomes degraded by the misapplication of the term; yet, it is a plant indigenous to our climate, and, though rare, may be found in many places. It delights, however, most in retirement from the busy scenes of life, which check its growth; yet it is a hardy perennial, often survives the most chilling blasts of poverty, and stoutly keeps up its head amidst the tempest of adversity.

I shall now make an arrangement of the different classes or descriptions of friends, which I will lay before you; it is as follows:

The Timid Friend,
The Lukewarm Friend,
The Redhot Friend,
The Romantic Friend,

The Fickle Friend,
Nobody's Friend,
Anybody's Friend, and
Everybody's Friend.

Among the first class is *Simon Sensitive*, whose natural disposition is good natured ; but poor Simon is under a perpetual alarm lest his benevolence should get him into a scrape ; thus his life is a constant scene of uneasiness and dread ; he shrinks back at every familiar salutation, and is in pain at every word you speak, lest you should ask him a favour ; the words, ' You will oblige me very much,' put him immediately in a fever, and, ' I come to ask your assistance,' throws him into a perfect agony.

The Lukewarm Friend is a being of little value to any body ; he will not go a step out of his way to serve you ; and when you are in a difficulty, all he says, is, ' Indeed, I am sorry to hear it.'

The Redhot Friend is not a jot more valuable than the last ; he is all bluster, speaks continually of the pleasure of doing a generous action, and that for his part he can't deny every body a favour ; but he usually cools before he comes to the point and leaves you in the lurch when you had reason to expect every thing from his protestations.

The Romantic Friend is a pleasing companion in the hour of distress : but the consolation he offers is not true : it accords with our errors as it pities our sufferings ; and instead of making us Sacrifice at the altars of Wisdom and Prudence, leads us into fresh absurdities and chimerical plans, which the manners of the world will not acknowledge.

The Fickle Friend is a weak, inconstant creature, who acts without any fixed principle ; one time he is all warmth, and the next moment cool and reserved : he is at the same time contemptible and useless.

Nobody's Friend is that cool, torpid, and insensible being, whose avarice and meanness has choaked the natural springs of benevolence, and contracted every idea within a narrow space, incapable of bestowing good on others, or happiness to itself.

Anybody's Friend is not much more valuable than the last, except that he acts from a totally different principle ; for, indiscriminate in his views of benevolence, and careless of its effects, he serves the worthless, ne-

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glects the worthy, fosters the idle, and forgets the good.

Everybody's Friend is the man who is at the same time benevolent and just, who measures his generosity by his ability, and never refuses to do a service to any one, but when it would do an injury to another.

Monitorial.

From the Desk of Poor Robert, the Scribe.

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

Be honest and 'tis clear as light,
You'll make by far most money by't.
The profits that are got by cheating,
Are very few and very fleeting.
Experience proves the adage true ;
Then never loose it from your view.

When I was a little fellow, just old enough to be mischievous, I was beset by a parcel of my companions, to go and pilfer the parson's pears. Down by the side of the brook that flow's out of Appleberry pond, back of the parson's house, was a beautiful meadow, in the midst of which stood the pear tree. It was large—hung full, and they were of a most delicious flavor.

Whether I was afraid of a flogging—whether respect for the parson, (for in those days children were brought up to respect the pious,) prevented me ; or whether I was deterred by the recollection of my bad luck in pilfering melons, I can't remember ; but I told them decidedly I would have nothing to do with the matter, and did all in my power to dissuade them from their enterprize.

I dont know how, but so it happened, that my honesty got to the parson's ears, and one Saturday afternoon I received an invitation to go and see him. Away I went, conscious that I had done no wrong ; how light beats the heart of innocence ! The good man met me at the door : ' Robert,' said he, taking my hand, ' I have heard that you refused to join in pilfering my pears. Now I mean to convince you that 'Honesty is the best policy.' Here, added he, placing a large basket of the finest fruit

before me, eat what you please, and take as many with you as you can carry.' I felt that moment happier than Napoleon, with empires at his feet. And the circumstance led me to remark, early in life, the consequence of an adherence to the maxim.

There was at Appleberry a merchant, well esteemed for his probity: 'Where do you trade, neighbour?' said one farmer to another. 'Why, at Mr. Upright's,' replied the first. 'His weights and measures always hold out. I had as leaf send a child as a grown person, to his store, for the matter of being treated well. I don't pretend to know the value of some sorts of goods, myself, but he has but one price, and never takes advantage of any one's ignorance.' I marked the consequence. Upright grew rich and respected; and fully experienced the truth of the maxim, that '*honesty is the best policy.*'

There too was lawyer Aimwell; he never would flatter you about your cause; for the sake of your money—but would tell you plainly his opinion, even though he lost a fee by it. Nor would he ever advocate a suit that he knew to be unjust. His established character drew him business from every quarter, and he realized in a fortune of five thousand pounds, and the esteem of his fellow men, the correctness of the maxim, that '*honesty is the best policy.*'

But there was rich George Ardenburg, who had a large farm given him by his father. One of the merchants had advertised for tallow to send off for New-York. Rich George had killed a number of fat cattle, and as the tallow was to be sent away immediately, he thought it a good time to dispose of it. It was weighed: Every body thought it was astonishingly heavy. Dick Artly, who attended the store, being somewhat suspicious, and a little roguish withal, in removing one of the cakes, as though by accident, let it fall plump upon the floor: It split open—and lo! in the middle was a large stone! Poor George looked like a sheep stealer. He was hooted out of town. His match was broken off with the amiable Miss Arabella Bromley; he was turned out

of the militia office he held, and finally was compelled to sell his farm and move off to Canada.

The blacksmith—the tailor ;

The printer—the nailor ;

The hatter—the joiner ,

The potter—the miner ;

The farmer—physician ;

Merchant—politician ;

The sadler, and sawyer ;

The priest, and the lawyer ;

The painter, and glazier ;

The mason, and grazier,

Will find that my maxim, so trite and so old,
To those who adopt it, brings honour and gold.

Gleaner.

The Naturalist.

THE *Spring-bock* is a gregarious animal never met with but in large herds, some of which, according to the accounts of the peasantry, will amount to the number of ten thousand. The Dutch have given a name to this beautiful creature indicative of its gait. The strength and elasticity of the muscles are so great that, when closely pursued, he will spring at a single leap from 15 to 25 feet. Its usual pace is that of a constant jumping or springing, with all the four legs stretched out, and off the ground at the same time, and every spring the hair on the rump divides or sheds, and, falling back on each side, displays a surface of snowy whiteness. No dog can attempt to approach the old ones ; but the kids, which were now numerous, were frequently caught after a hard chase. Both old and young are excellent venison ; and vast numbers are destroyed by the Dutch farmers, not only for the sake of the flesh, but also for the skins, of which they make sacks for holding provisions and other articles, clothing for their slaves, and, at the time of the capture by the English, for themselves also and children. The poverty and miserable condi-

tion of the colony were then so great, that all their numerous flocks and herds were insufficient to procure them decent clothing.—*Barrow's travels in S. Africa.*

The Amuser.

An honest Hibernian, who stood listening to the remarks of a large crowd collected in Finsbury-square, a few nights since, to view the comet which is now the object of such general curiosity, after having heard many wise comments on the nature of comets, and of the danger which was to be apprehended should one approach too near the earth, at length excited the astonishment of the multitude, by declaring in the most solemn manner, that he had often *roasted potatoes* by the tail of a comet in Ireland.

London pap.

An honest bluff country farmer meeting the parson of the parish in a by-lane, and not giving him the way so readily as he expected, the parson, with an erected crest, told him he was better fed than taught. "Very true, indeed, sir," replied the farmer, "for *you* teach me, and *I* feed myself."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ELIZA JUNIOR," shall be gratified in the next number of the Casket.

A communication signed "A FRIEND," furnishing some "NEWYEAR'S THOUGHTS," is received. It is our wish to extend every patronage in our power, to the effusions of those who propose themselves as candidates for literary fame through the medium of this publication; but we must claim the privilege of rejecting such remarks as to us appear trite and common place: of this nature, are the "NEWYEAR'S THOUGHTS," from "A FRIEND."

*** A Letter-Box is opened at 221 Warren-street, where communications for "*The Casket*," in prose or verse, will be thankfully received.

Poetry.

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From the "HUDSON," a poem, by Mrs. Faugers.

NILE'S beauteous waves, and TIBER's swelling tide
 Have been recorded by the hand of Fame,
 And various floods, which thro' Earth's channels glide,
 From some enraptur'd bard have gain'd a name;
 E'en THAMES and WYE have been the Poet's theme,
 And to their charms hath many an harp been strung,
 Whilst Oh ! hoar GENIUS of old *Hudson's* stream,
 Thy MIGHTY RIVER never hath been sung :
 Say, shall a *Female* string her trembling lyre,
 And to thy praise devote th' advent'rous song ?
 Fir'd with the theme, her genius shall aspire,
 And the notes sweeten as they float along.

Where rough *Ontario's* restless waters roar
 And hoarsely rave around the rocky shore ;
 Where their abode tremendous north-winds make,
 And reign the tyrants of the surging lake ;
 There, as the shell-crow'nd genii of its caves
 Toward proud LAWRENCE urg'd their noisy waves,
 A form majestic from the flood arose ;
 A coral bandage sparkled o'er his brows,
 A purple mantle o'er his limbs were spread,
 And sportive breezes in his dark locks play'd :
 Tow'rd the east shore his anxious eyes he cast,
 And from his ruby lips these accents past :
 ' O favour'd land ! indulgent Nature yields
 ' Her choicest sweets to deck thy boundless fields ;
 ' Where in thy verdant glooms the fleet deer play,
 ' And the hale tenants of the desert stray,
 ' While the tall evergreens* that edge the dale
 ' In silent majesty nod to each gale :
 ' Thy riches shall no more remain unknown,
 ' Thy wide campaign do I pronounce my own ;
 ' And while the strong arm'd genii of this lake
 ' Their tributary streams to LAWRENCE take,

* Cyprus, hemlock, fir and pine.

‘ Back from its scourse *my current** will I turn,
‘ And o’er thy meadows pour my copious urn.’

He said, and waving high his dripping hand :
Bade his clear waters roll toward the land.
Glad they obey’d, and struggling to the shore,
Dash’d on its broken rocks with thund’ring roar :
The rocks in vain oppose their furious course ;
From each repulse they rise with tenfold force ;
And gath’ring all their angry pow’rs again,
Gush’d o’er the banks, and fled across the plain.

Soon as the waves have press’d the level mead,
Full many a pearly footed Naiad fair,
With hasty steps, her limpid fountain led,
To swell the tide, and hail it welcome there.

Their busy hands collect a thousand flow’rs,
And scatter them along the grassy shores.
There, bending low, the *water-lillies* bloom,
And the blue *crocus* shed their moist perfume ;
There the tall *velvet scarlet lark-spur* laves
Her pale green stem in the pellucid waves ;
There nods the fragile *columbine*, so fair,
And the mild dewy *wild-rose* scents the air ;
While round the trunk of some majestic pine
The blushing *honeysuckle*’s branches twine :
There too *Pomona*’s richest gifts are found,
Her golden *melons* press the fruitful ground ;
The glossy crimson *plumbs* there swell their rinds,
And purple *grapes* dance to autumnal winds ;
While all beneath the *mandrake*’s fragrant shade
The *strawberry*’s delicious sweets are laid.

THE OLD MAID’S COMPLAINT.

MY hey day of beauty is fled,
The pleasures of life all o’er,
What a fool I have been not to wed,
When I might have had twenty or more.

* All the waters of Lakes George, Champlain and Ontario,
empty in the river St. Lawrence, except one small stream,
which, running an opposite course, forms the Hudson.

The Spring of enjoyment is past,
Stern Winter succeeds to my May ;
Expos'd to the pitiless blast,
I sigh my existence away.

How alter'd, alas ! is my case,
Since erst at my beauty's levee,
Each handsome young lad in the place,
Was pretty near dying for me.

The young misses, flirting about,
At me point the finger of scorn,
While I can do nothing but pout,
And wish I had never been born.

Ye fine ladies take my advice,
And make a good use of your beauty,
And not be so coy and so nice,
That nobody ever can suit ye.

Don't hesitate, now is your time,
Get married, dear girls, if you can,
Get married I say in your prime,
To any good passable man.

TO HEALTH.

WHEN dire disease has long our limbs confin'd,
And prospects brighten by returning health,
What cause for joy, what cause for thanks we find,
For health's a prize we value more than wealth.

O gem divine ! with rapturous joy I haste
To hail thy lov'd return to me,
Once more th' unfolding bliss of life I taste,
And tender grateful thanks, the best return, to thee.

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*HUDSON: PRINTED AND PUBLISHED  
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